

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

THERE is enough Christmas for everybody. It is only the thought, the use or direction of it, that covers the insufficiency. It is all in the way we look at it, measure it, accept it. It is adjustment we need above all—understanding of the real meaning of Christmas—and then there is more than enough to go around.

Christmas knows no class distinction, viewed in its proper light; nor is its spirit helped or marred by poverty or wealth. It is a day of glad tidings, Christ is born. The spirit is universal and within the reach of everybody. Christmas measured by things material fails early short; there is not enough to go the rounds of the vast human family. Some must go hungry, while others feast; some cannot even be comfortable, while many are merry.

Accepted as a day of spiritual rejoicing alone, all would be happy, all would be satisfied, all would be contented, and all would be equal—because all would be rejoicing over the one joyous happening of the long ago, when divine love came to earth to enlighten it, and save God's vast creation. Everybody could give and receive alike, of eternal gifts—kindness, tenderness, sympathy.

Some of us have known poverty, and bitter poverty at that; yet, have we been able to give, and richly, too, of love, human interest and service; and old as these gifts are, they are always new, always comforting and always welcome. Gifts such as these from the rich and worldly, would be doubly dear and precious, as they could not be brought by ill-gotten gains, or influenced and controlled by selfishness, position or station.

One rule, one power, leading up to Christmas day, abounding in it, abide in it, carrying it on, and instead of dreading it, wishing it over, still further away, or not at all, or wildly hustling about, feverish, restless, to meet its exacting demands—everybody would be listening in stillness and peace for the coming of its sweet and helpful spirit. What an ideal, simple day! Its coming and going high and above and beyond the merely selfish and mercenary. A day of giving, not because it is the correct thing to give, but a day of giving because of spiritual prompting and divine love. What supreme and universal possession of Christmas day! Nobody too poor, everybody sufficiently rich, to have, to hold and to give.

But alas! "Do you know what Christmas means to me," said a completely worn-out young woman behind one of our dry goods counters, last year. "Christmas means to me, staying in bed all day and sleeping."

"You're in luck if you can stay in bed all day and sleep," answered her sister-in-law, as she carefully measured off yard upon yard of baby ribbon, to an impatient customer, who kept repeating the helpful words, "I'm in such a hurry."

"I can't measure any faster, lady."

"But, I've still packages to tie up and deliver," from the injured and unreasonable customer; and next she began feeling and turning over—

"Overstuffed fellows" who were supposed to wrap and send back the purchases instantly, no matter the Christmas rush, or the articles banded high in front of them before the advent of that most important baby ribbon matter.

"If my gifts were only finished, I'd be satisfied. I'd not be worrying over baby ribbon to tie them up," sighed the clerk to the friend at her side. "I've a doll to dress yet, for my little girl. Gladly would I sleep tomorrow, but my children, I must give them some kind of a Christmas."

The clerks in the stores, Christmas means little joy to them. Can we wonder they dread it, despite it? Weariness, confusion, late hours, etc., makes up the meaning of the Christmas time for the men and women behind the counters, and the delivery men and boys.

To the average merchant the meaning of Christmas is personal profit and gain. A lady entered one of Salt Lake's clothing establishments last year, for the good and worthy cause of charity. There were orphan boys and waifs needing warmer clothing. Boys not looking forward to a "merry" Christmas, but a comfortable one. The benevolent merchant pondered and finally told the lady to come in on a certain day just before Christmas, and he would have something for her. She left in high glee. The day arrived. The lady returned, but what was her dismay upon being taken to the back of the store, to be shown a pile of thin summer articles for the already suffering boys.

"I think there is some misunderstanding," she began mildly. "It is winter clothing for Christmas, I am seeking."

The merchant shrugged his shoulders. "What do you take me for?" he exclaimed. "Winter clothes! Why, I am selling them straight along at a good price."

"The day means only sorrow to me," sighed a mother who had lost one of her dear ones during the year. "It means joy to me before the day is done," said a friend who was trying to give comfort.

"How do you ever arrive at joy?"

"Well, I have to do something to keep away tears, so I go about all day visiting and remembering lonely people, and—"

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KING GUSTAVUS V AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

GUSTAVE V KING OF SWEDEN AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

Upon the death of his father King Oscar, the heir was sworn in as King Augustus V, and announced his policy to be "with the people for the fatherland."

King Augustus V will follow the principles advocated by his father, and to that end has requested all the officials to remain at their posts of duty.

"That would only make me more miserable," replied the sorrowing one, selfish in her sorrow. The friend withdrew.

"What did you get?" is the meaning of Christmas to most children. "Whose birthday is this, children?" asked a Sunday school superintendent. And we are told that over 50 per cent of the children answered: "Santa Claus!"

Remember that Christmas is a day of glad tidings—Christ is born. A little ray of sunshine, bright and gay,

Shone through a grievous rent in human hearts, And from the depths so dark They traced its course, and came Into the light of perfect day.

That little ray is ever shining bright Into the gloom of lives earthbound and gray, And in its shining wake, Soul after soul is drawn Out from a spiritual night.

We thank thee, little ray, for guidance sweet! How often we forget to bless the

powers That gave, so full and free Its shining strength to lead Aright our sadly wandering feet.

And now, to Thee, who e'er so freely givest, We offer up our little prayer of praise.

On Christmas morn, the Child— Oh, may He be that Star That guides to One who truly lives, LADY BABBIER.

WHAT'S worth doing is worth doing well. If you wish to be cured of rheumatism, use Ballard's Snow Liniment and you will be "well cured." A positive cure for Sprains, Neuralgia, Bruises, Contracted Muscles and all the ills that flesh is heir to. A. G. M. Williams, Nevada, Texas, writes: "I have used Snow Liniment for sprained ankle and it gave the best of satisfaction. I always keep it in the house." Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

CATHOLIC BISHOP OUSTED BY CZAR.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

three behind me, Satan!" But once let a bishop or a priest work for the cause of reform and he is harried and persecuted.

I remember meeting Baron Ropp at an evening party given at the house of a Polish nobleman in St. Petersburg. That was when he was a member of the first duma and naturally we talked of politics.

REPRESENTS OPPRESSED PEOPLE

"I represent an oppressed people," he said, "and in that respect am opposed to the government, but on some points I am on the side of the government; for instance, I cannot approve the cadets' scheme of agrarian reform."

And it was just for the reason that he was a man who did not go to extremes, at a time when most people in Russia were doing so, that he was a valuable member of the first Russian parliament. But the government did not take that view, his bias was bad, they said, he assumed the cause of the unfortunate Poles. So, when the elections for the second duma came, it was decided on frivolous grounds that he was ineligible for election although no objection was made to the candidature of Russian bishops, for they were correctly reactionary.

It is said that Stolypin is annoyed with Vladimir's action as the bishop had made an excellent impression on him and it is possible that he may be recalled. What people here are asking is why the government does not bring him before a court of justice if he has done anything amiss. The truth is the government does not dare to do so, knowing the rottenness of its case.

THIRTEEN HOODOO ON BRYAN.

Let all superstitious Democrats know that in the name of William J. Bryan there are exactly 13 letters, count 'em; and by the same token, exactly 13 letters in his name and state, "Bryan, Nebraska," count 'em; and that he was nominated at Chicago on a Friday, and that in the words "Chicago, Friday," there are exactly 13 letters, count 'em. In addition to this, the Chicago Times-Herald said a few days after Bryan's first nomination that the day he was nominated he was shaved in the Palmer House barber shop by a barber wearing badge 13, and that he left for Lincoln on car 13. Now, what eloquence of tongue can overcome the superstitious fear cropping out from the greatly dreaded figure 13? Come to think of it, the very name given to the talkative statesman from the banks of the Platte, "Fearless Bryan," has also 13 letters, count 'em. Isn't the poor old Democratic party sorely in need of the hind foot of a black rabbit found on a dark night by a dark man in a haunted graveyard? Can you beat it?—New York Sun.

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EXPOSURE

To cold draughts of air, to keen and cutting winds, sudden changes of temperature, scanty clothing, undue exposure of the throat and neck after public speaking and singing, bring on coughs and colds.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the best cure. Mrs. A. Barr, Houston, Tex., writes, Jan. 21, 1902: "One bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup cured me of a very bad cough. It is very pleasant to take. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept."

THE ANTS OF THE HIMALAYAS.

In the Himalayas, on the side facing India, the limit of perpetual snow is about 6,500 feet higher than in the Alps. One result of this is that various forms of life are found in the great Asian mountains at an elevation which seems extraordinary. Among these are many species of ants, which have been particularly studied by Dr. August Forel. Up to nearly 10,000 feet the ants are very abundant, and even at the elevation of 15,000 feet four species have been found, and it is believed that more careful investigation would show that they exist even at 15,000 feet or more. A unique fact, not found in any other great mountain range, is that the Himalayas possess an immense variety of local species of ants. Out of 115 forms recognized in the Himalayas, 50 are peculiar to those mountains—Youth's Companion.

THE BEST DOCTOR.

Rev. R. C. Horton, Sulphur Springs, Tex., writes, July 19th, 1902: "I have used in my family Ballard's Snow Liniment and Horehound Syrup, and they have proved certainly satisfactory. The liniment is the best we have ever used for headache and pains. The cough syrup has been our doctor for the last eight years." Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Convalescence.

Convalescence is sometimes merely apparent, not real, and especially is this true after such diseases as pneumonia, typhoid fever and the grip. To make it real and rapid, there is no other tonic so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cleanses and renews the blood, strengthens all the organs and functions, and restores health. Take Hood's.

CHRISTMAS AT DAYNES.

Big sale of Holiday gifts, Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Daynes & Sons, 26 Main street.

Never Fails!

The Inter-Mountain Milling Co., City. The reason Husky's flour is the purest flour made is because it has given the best satisfaction when we've tried it and we always use it. MRS. S. KILPACK, 743 E. 2nd South, City.

True Tokens of Esteem

From the time of the Ancients, Jewelry has been the accepted token of genuine esteem. The suitor, the accepted lover, the husband, relatives and friends who desired to express the favored one the highest respect, was expected to present jewelry. And so it is today. The logical gift is a piece of jewelry. These would make good gifts. Solid gold rings from \$10 to \$250.00. Watches from \$1 to \$75. Ladies' Bracelets, \$1 to \$25. Chains, Charms, Brooches, Stick Pins.

J. H. KNICKERBOCKER, O.D.

The Jeweler. 140 Main Street.

An Appreciative

Xmas present for the ones that use and need glasses would be a pair of our SPECIAL MAKE READING GLASSES. We use only the best material in the manufacturing of our glasses, make and fit them the correct way and test eyes free for glasses.

RUSHMER

Makers of Perfect Eyeglasses. Both Phones 1162. 73 West 1st St.

MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL

DR. J. C. LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A COLD. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 1134 Main.



WHEN THE LITTLE EMPTY STOCKING HANGS

Once in each year, very, very near the end of the twelvemonth, there comes a certain night.

It is a night of happy thought—of dear, pleasant memories. Little children go, all-too-soon, to bed, and the kindly old sandman delays his coming for a time at least, reluctant to interrupt their childish hopes and fears.

Perhaps the little stocking will be a bit larger at each recurring Christmas tide, and hang alone. Or—in years to come, other, and still tinier, stockings may bear it company—perhaps, even, there will come a dreary time when the fire place is bare, when longing eyes turn away, and the flickering light of the fire is hard and cold. But no matter what the years bring or take away, the spirit of friendship and kindness remains. At the end of the busy year, full of effort and struggle, comes the season when we forget the trials and welcome the opportunity—when we count our friends, and find them many—when we choose for them remembrances (not hastily and because of their cost, but because of the pleasure they will bring)—when we realize, to the full, that life is worth living, because, for once, it is unselfish.

"The worries of the season"—? If this store may play its part during the trying days that lie between now and Christmas Eve—if it may lighten the strain on your purse, for everyone's purse is too small at such a time, if, by perfect unassuming service and superb assortment for your choosing, it may help to keep the puzzle-wrinkles from your forehead, it will have done all we have hoped and planned to have it do.

Gifts from every market of the world are here delightful, inexpensive ones for those who must closely reckon the incomings and outgoings—superbly rich ones, for those who need not count the cost. Trinkets and fancy goods for those who want them, useful and serviceable wearables for those who prefer them.

We have arranged them conveniently for your inspection—our salesforce will find no effort too great, if it helps you in your selection.

And at this holiday time as at all other times throughout the year we maintain our strict policy of

Absolutely Lowest Prices

This store will remain open Monday and Tuesday Evenings

